THE LADY's Looking-Glaſs, TO DRESS Herſelf by: OR, THE Whole ART OF CHARMING.

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THE Lady's Looking-Glass, TO DRESS Herself by: OR, THE ART of Charming.

HOW long, O charming *Iris!* shall I speak in vain of your adorable Beauty? You have been just, and believe I love you with a Passion perfectly tender and extream; and yet you will not allow your Charms to be infinite. You must either accuse my Flames to be unreasonable, and that my Eyes and Heart are false Judges of Wit and Beauty; or allow, that you are the most perfect of your Sex. But instead of that, you always accuse of me Flattery, when I speak of your infinite Merit; and when I refer you to your Glass, you tell me, that flatters, as well as *Damon*; though one wou'd

would imagine, that shou'd be a good Witness for the Truth of what I say, and undeceive you of the Opinion of my Injustice. Look---- and confirm yourself, that nothing can equal your Perfections. All the World says it, and you must doubt it no longer. O *Iris!* Will you dispute against the whole World?

But since you have so long distrusted your own Glass, I have here presented you with one, which I know is very true; and having been made for you only, can serve only you. All other Glasses present all Objects, but this reflects only *Iris*; whenever you consult it, it will convince you; and tell you, how much Right I have done you, when I told you, you were the fairest Person that ever Nature made. When other Beauties look into it, it will speak to all the fair Ones; but let 'em do what they will, 'twill say nothing to their Advantage.

Iris, *to spare what you call flattery,*
Consult your Glass each Hour of the Day:
'Twill tell you where your Charms and Beauties lie,
And where your little wanton Graces play:
Where Love does revel in your Face and Eyes;
What Look invites your Slaves, and what denies.

Where all the Loves adorn you with such Care,
Where dress your Smiles, where arm your lovely Eyes;
Where deck the flowing Tresses of your Hair:
How cause your Snowy Breasts to fall and rise:
How this severe Glance makes the Lover die;
How that, more soft, gives Immortality.

Where

Where you ſhall ſee, what 'tis enſlaves the Soul;
Where e'ry Feature, e'ry Look combines:
When the adorning Air, o're all the whole,
To ſo much Wit, and ſo nice Vertue joyns.
Where the Belle Taille *and Motion ſtill afford*
Graces to be eternally ador'd.

But I will be ſilent now, and let your Glaſs ſpeak.

THE

THE Lady's Looking-Glass.

Damon, (O charming *Iris!*) has given me to you, that you may ſometimes give your ſelf the Trouble, and me the Honour of Conſulting me in the great and weighty Affairs of Beauty. I am, my adorable Miſtreſs! a faithful Glaſs; and you ought to believe all I ſay to you.

The Shape of IRIS.

I Muſt begin with your Shape, and tell you, without Flattery, 'tis the fineſt in the World, and gives Love and Admiration to all that ſee you. Pray obſerve how free and eaſie it is, without Conſtraint, Stiffneſs, or Affectation; thoſe miſtaken Graces of the Fantaſtick, and the Formal; who give themſelves Pain to ſhew their Will to pleaſe; and whoſe Dreſſing makes the greateſt part of its Fineneſs, when they are more oblig'd to the Taylor, than to Nature; who add, or diminiſh, as occaſion ſerves, to form a Grace, where Heaven never gave it: And while they remain on this

Wreck

Wreck of Pride, they are eternally uneaſie, without pleaſing any Body. *Iris*, I have ſeen a Woman of your Acquaintance, who, having a greater Opinion of her own Perſon, than any Body elſe, has ſcrew'd her Body into ſo fine a Form (as ſhe calls it) that ſhe dares no more ſtir a Hand, lift up an Arm, or turn her Head aſide, than if, for the Sin of ſuch a Diſorder, ſhe were to be turn'd into a Pillar of Salt; the leſs ſtiff and fix'd Statue of the two. Nay, ſhe dares not ſpeak or ſmile, leſt ſhe ſhou'd put her Face out of that order ſhe had ſet it in her Glaſs, when ſhe laſt look'd on herſelf: And is all over ſuch a Lady Nice (excepting in her Converſation) that ever made a ridiculous Figure. And there are many Ladies more, but too much tainted with that nauſeous Formality, that old-faſhion'd Vice; But *Iris*, the charming, the all-perfect *Iris*, has nothing in her whole Form, that is not free, natural, and eaſie; and whoſe every Motion cannot pleaſe extreamly. and which has not given *Damon* a thouſand Rivals.

Damon. *the Young, the Am'rous, and the True;*
Who ſighs inceſſantly for you:
Whoſe whole Delight, now you are gone,
Is to retire to Shades alone,
And to the Eccho's make his Moan.
By purling Streams the wiſhing Youth is laid,
Still ſighing Iris! *lovely charming Maid!*
See, in thy Abſence, how thy Lover dies;
While to his Sighs, the Eccho ſtill replies.

Then

Then with the Stream he holds Diſcourſe:
O thou that bend'ſt thy liquid force
To lovely Tames! *upon whoſe Shore*
The Maid reſides, whom I adore!
My Tears of Love upon thy Surface bear:
And if upon thy Banks thou ſeeſt my Fair,
In all thy ſofteſt Murmurs ſing,
From *Damon* I this Preſent bring;
My e'ery Curl contains a Tear!
Then at her Feet thy Tribute pay:
But haſte, O happy Stream! away;
Leſt charm'd too much, thou ſhoud'ſt for ever ſtay.

And thou, O gentle, murm'ring Breeze!
That plays in Air, and wantons with the Trees;
On thy young Wings, where gilded Sun-beams play,
To Iris *my ſoft Sighs convey,*
Still as they riſe, each Minute of the Day:
But whiſper gently in her Ear;
Let not the ruder Winds thy Meſſage hear,
Nor ruffle one dear Curl of her bright Hair.
Oh! touch her Cheeks with ſacred Reverence,
And ſtay not gazing on her lovely Eye!
But if thou bear'ſt her Roſie Breath from thence,
'Tis Incenſe of that Excellence,
That as thou mount'ſt, 'twill perfume all the Skies.

IRIS's *Complexion.*

SAY what you will, I am confident, if you will confeſs your Heart, you are, every time you view yourſelf in me, ſurpriz'd at the Beauty of your Complexion; and will ſecretly own, you never ſaw any thing ſo fair. I am not the firſt Glaſs, by a thouſand, that has aſſur'd you of this. If you will not believe me, ask *Damon*; he tells it you every Day, but that Truth from him offends you; and becauſe he loves too much, you think his Judgment too little; and ſince this is ſo perfect, that muſt be defective. But 'tis moſt certain, your Complexion is infinitely fine, your Skin ſoft and ſmooth, as poliſht Wax, or Ivory, extreamly white and clear; though if any Body ſpeaks but of your Beauty, an agreeable Bluſh caſts itſelf all over your Face, and gives you a thouſand new Graces.

And then two Flowers, newly born,
Shine in your Heav'nly Face:
The Roſe, that bluſhes in the Morn,
Uſurps the Lilly's place:
Sometimes the Lilly does prevail,
And makes the gen'rous Crimſon pale.

IRIS's *Hair.*

OH, the beautiful Hair of *Iris!* It ſeems, as if Nature had crown'd you with a great Quan-

Quantity of lovely fair brown Hair, to make us know, that you were born to Rule; and to repair the Faults of Fortune, that has not given you a Diadem: And do not bewail the Want of that (ſo much your Merit's due) ſince Heaven has ſo glorioully recompens'd you with what gains more admiring Slaves.

Heav'n for Sovereignty, has made your form;
And you were more than for dull Empire born.
O'er Hearts your Kingdom ſhall extend,
Your vaſt Dominion know no end.
Thither the Loves *and* Graces *ſhall reſort;*
To Iris *make their Homage, and their Court.*
No envious Star, no common Fate,
Did on my Iris *Birth-day wait;*
But all was happy, all was delicate.
Here Fortune wou'd inconſtant be in vain:
Iris, *and* Love, *eternally ſhall reign.*

Love does not make leſs uſe of your Hair for new Conqueſts, than of all the reſt of your Beauties that adorn you. If he takes our Hearts with your fine Eyes, it ties 'em faſt with your Hair; and if it weaves a Chain, not eaſily broken. It is not of thoſe ſorts of Hair, whoſe harſhneſs diſcovers ill Nature; nor of thoſe, whoſe Softneſs ſhews us the Weakneſs of the Mind: Not that either of theſe are Arguments without Exception; but 'tis ſuch as bears the Character of a perfect Mind, and a delicate Wit; and for its Colour, the moſt faithful, diſcreet, and beautiful in the World; ſuch as ſhews a Complexion and Conſtitution, neither

ſo

ſo cold, to be inſenſible; nor ſo hot, to have too much Fire; that is, neither too white, nor too black; but ſuch a mixture of the two Colours, as makes it the moſt agreeable in the World.

'Tis that which leads thoſe captivated Hearts,
That bleeding at your Feet do lie.
'Tis that the Obſtinate converts,
That dare the Power of Love deny.
'Tis that which Damon *ſo admires;*
Damon, *who often tells you ſo.*
If from your Eyes Love takes his Fires,
'Tis with your Hair he ſtrings his Bow:
Which touching but the feather'd Da
It never miſt the deſtin'd Heart.

IRIS's *Eyes.*

I Believe, my fair Miſtreſs, I ſhall dazle you with the Luſtre of your own Eyes. They are the fineſt Blue in the World: They have all the Sweetneſs, that ever charm'd the Heart; with a certain Languiſhment that's irreſiſtable; and never any look'd on 'em, that did not ſigh after 'em. Believe me, *Iris*, they carry unavoidable Darts and Fires; and whoever expoſe themſelves to their Dangers, pay for their Imprudence.

Cold as my ſolid Chryſtal is,
Hard and impenetrable too;
Yet I am ſenſible of Bliß,
When your charming Eyes I view:

Even by me, these Flames are felt;
And at each Glance, I fear to melt.

Ah, how pleasant are my Days!
How my glorious Fate I bless!
Mortals never knew my Joys,
Nor Monarchs guest my Happiness.
Every Look that's soft and gay,
Iris *gives me every Day.*

Spight of her Vertue, and her Pride,
Every Morning I am blest
With what to Damon *is deny'd;*
To view her when she is undrest.
All her Heaven of Beauty's shown
To triumphing Me——alone.

Scarce the prying Beams of Light,
Or th' impatient God of Day,
Are allow'd so dear a Sight,
Or dare prophane her with a Ray;
When she has appear'd to me,
Like Venus *rising from the Sea.*

But Oh! I must those Charms conceal,
All too Divine for vulgar Eyes:
Shou'd I my secret Joys reveal,
Of sacred Trust I break the Tyes;
And Damon *wou'd with Envy die,*
Who hopes, one Day, to be as blest as I.

Extravagant with my Joys, I have stray'd beyond my Limits; for I was telling you of the wondrous Fineness of your Eyes; which no

Mortal

Mortal can reſiſt, nor any Heart ſtand the force of their Charms; and the moſt difficult Conqueſts they gain, ſcarce coſt 'em the Expence of a Look. They are modeſt and tender, chaſte and languiſhing. There you may take a View of the whole Soul, and ſee Wit and Good Nature (thoſe two inſeparable Vertues of the Mind) in an extraordinary Meaſure. In fine, you ſee all that fair Eyes can produce, to make themſelves ador'd. And when they are angry, they ſtrike an unreſiſtable Awe upon the Soul; And thoſe Severities, *Damon* wiſhes, may perpetually accompany them, during their Abſence from him; for 'tis with ſuch Eyes, he wou'd have you receive all his Rivals.

Keep, lovely Maid, the Softneſs in your Eyes;
To flatter Damon *with another Day:*
When at your Feet the raviſh'd Lover lies,
Then put on all that's tender, all that's gay:
And for the Griefs your Abſence makes him prove;
Give him the ſofteſt, deareſt Looks of Love.

His trembling Heart with ſweeteſt Smiles careſs,
And in your Eyes, ſoft Wiſhes let him find;
That your Regret of Abſence may confeſs,
In which, no Senſe of Pleaſure you cou'd find:
And to reſtore him, let your faithful Eyes
Declare, that all his Rivals you deſpiſe.

The Mouth of IRIS.

I Perceive your Modeſty wou'd impoſe Silence on me: But, O fair *Iris!* Do not think to preſent yourſelf before a Glaſs, if you wou'd not have it tell you all your Beauties: Content yourſelf, that I only ſpeak of 'em, *En Paſſant*; for ſhou'd I ſpeak what I wou'd, I ſhou'd dwell all Day upon each particular, and ſtill ſay ſomething new. Give me Liberty then to ſpeak of your fine Mouth: You need only open it a little, and you will ſee the moſt delicate Teeth, that ever you beheld; the whiteſt, and the beſt ſet. Your Lips are the fineſt in the World; ſo round, ſo ſoft, ſo plump, ſo dimpled, and of the loveliest Colour. And when you ſmile, Oh! What Imagination can conceive how ſweet it is, that has not ſeen you Smiling? I cannot deſcribe what I ſo admire; and 'tis in vain to thoſe, who have not ſeen *Iris*.

O Iris! *boaſt that one peculiar Charm,*
That has ſo many Conqueſts made;
So innocent, yet capable of harm;
So juſt itſelf, yet has ſo oft betray'd
Where a thouſand Graces dwell,
And wanton round in e'ery Smile.

A thouſand Loves do liſten when you ſpeak,
And catch each Accent as it flies:
Rich flowing Wit, when e're you Silence break,
Flows from your Tongue, and ſparkles in your Eyes.
Whether you talk, or ſilent are;
Your Lips immortal Beauties were. The

The Neck of Iris.

ALL your Modesty, all your nice Care, cannot hide the ravishing Beauties of your Neck; we must see it, Coy as you are; and see it the whitest, and finest shap'd, that ever was form'd. Oh! Why will you cover it? You know, all handsome things wou'd be seen. And Oh! how often have you made your Lovers envy your Scarf, or any thing that hides so fine an Object from their sight. *Damon* himself complains of your too nice Severity. Pray do not hide it so carefully. See how perfectly turn'd it is; with small blue Veins, wandring and ranging here and there, like little Rivulets, that wanton o'er the flowry Meads. See how the round white rising Breasts heave with every Breath, as if they disdain'd to be confin'd to a Covering; and repel the malicious Cloud, that wou'd obscure their Brightness.

Fain I wou'd have leave to tell
The Charms that on your Bosom dwell;
Describe it like some flow'ry Field,
That does ten thousand Pleasures yield;
A thousand gliding Springs and Groves;
All Receptacles for Loves.
But Oh! what Iris *hides, must be*
Ever sacred kept by me.

The Arms and Hands of IRIS.

I Shall not be put to much trouble to ſhew you your Hands and Arms, becauſe you may view them without my help; and you are very unjuſt, if you have not admir'd 'em a Thouſand times. The beautiful Colour and Proportion of your Arm is unimitable, and your Hand is dazling, fine, ſmall, and plump; long-pointed Fingers, delicately turn'd; dimpl'd on the Snowy out-ſide, but adorn'd within with Roſe, all over the ſoft Palm. O *Iris!* Nothing equals your fair Hand; that Hand, of which Love ſo often makes ſuch uſe to draw his Bow, when he wou'd ſend the Arrow home with more ſucceſs; and which irreſiſtibly wounds thoſe, who poſſibly, have not yet ſeen your Eyes: And when you have been veil'd, that lovely Hand has gain'd you a thouſand Adorers. And I have heard *Daphne* ſay, *Without the Aid of more Beauties, that alone had been ſufficient to have made an abſolute Conqueſt o'er his Soul.* And he has often vow'd, *It never touch'd him, but it made his Blood run with little irregular Motions in his Veins; his Breath beat ſhort and double; his Bluſhes riſe, and his very Soul dance.*

Oh! how the Hand the Lover ought to prize,
'Bove any one peculiar Grace,
While he is dying for the Eyes,
And doting on the lovely Face.
The Unconſid'ring little knows,
How much he to this Beauty owes.

That

That when the Lover abſent is,
Informs him of his Miſtreſs Heart.
'Tis that, which gives him all his Bliſs,
When dear Love-Secrets 'twill impart.
That plights the Faith the Maid beſtows:
And that confirms the tim'rous Vows.

'Tis that betrays the Tenderneſs,
Which the too baſhful Tongue denies.
'Tis that, that does the Heart confeſs,
And ſpares the Language of the Eyes.
'Tis that, which Treaſures gives ſo vaſt:
Ev'n Iris *'twill to* Damon *give at laſt.*

The Grace and Air of IRIS.

'TIS I alone, O charming Maid! that can ſhew you that noble part of your Beauty: That generous Air, that adorns all your lovely Perſon, and renders every Motion and Action perfectly adorable. With what a Grace you walk! ——How free, how eaſie, and how unaffected! See how you move; ——for only here you can ſee it. *Damon* has told you a thouſand times, that never any Mortal had ſo glorious an Air; but he cou'd not half deſcribe it, nor wou'd you credit even what he ſaid; but with a careleſs Smile, paſs it off for the Flattery of a Lover. But here behold, and be convinc'd; and know, no part of your Beauty can charm more than this. O *Iris*, confeſs, Love has adorn'd you with all his Art and Care. Your Beauties are the Themes of all the Muſes; who tell you in daily Songs, that the Graces themſelves have

not more than *Iris*. And one may truly ſay, that you alone know how to joyn the Ornaments and Dreſs, with Beauty; and you are ſtill adorn'd, as if that Shape and Air had a peculiar Art to make all things appear gay and fine. Oh, how well dreſt you are! How every thing becomes you! Never ſingular, never gawdy; but always ſuiting with your Quality.

Oh, how that Negligence becomes your Air!
That careleſs flowing of your Hair,
That plays about with wanton Grace,
With every Motion of your Face:
Diſdaining all that dull Formality,
That dares not move the Lip, or Eye;
But at ſome fancy'd Grace's coſt;
And think, with it, at leaſt, a Lover loſt.
But the unlucky Minute to reclaim,
And eaſe the Coquet of her Pain,
The Pocket-Glaſs adjuſts the Face again:
Re-ſets the Mouth, and languiſhes the Eyes;
And thinks, the Spark that ogles that way——dies.

Of Iris *learn, O ye miſtaken Fair!*
To dreſs your Face, your Smiles, your Air.
Let eaſie Nature all the Buſineſs do;
She can the ſofter Graces ſhew:
Which Art but turns to Ridicule;
And where there's none, ſerves but to ſhew the Fool.
In Iris *you all Graces find;*
Charms without Art, a Motion unconfin'd;
Without Conſtraint, ſhe ſmiles, ſhe looks, ſhe talks;
And without Affectation, moves and walks.
Beauties ſo perfect ne'er were ſeen:
O ye miſtaken Fair! Dreſs ye by Iris *Mien.*

The

The Discretion of Iris.

BUT O *Iris!* The Beauties of the Body are imperfect, if the Beauties of the Soul do not advance themselves to an equal height. But, O *Iris!* What Mortal is there so damned to Malice, that does not, with Adoration, confess, that you (O charming Maid!) have an equal Portion of all the Braveries and Vertues of the Mind? And, who is it, that confesses your Beauty, that does not, at the same time acknowledge and bow to your Wisdom? The whole World admires both in you; and all, with impatience, ask, Which of the two is most surprising, your Beauty, or your Discretion? But we dispute in vain on that excellent Subject; for after all, 'tis determin'd, that the two Charms are equal. 'Tis none of those idle Discretions that consists in Words alone, and ever takes the Shadow of Reason for the Substance; and that makes use of all the little Artifices of Subtilty, and florid Talking, to make the outside of the Argument appear fine, and leave the inside wholly mis-understood: Who runs away with Words, and never thinks of Sence. But you, O lovely Maid! never make use of these affected Arts; but without being too brisk, or too severe; too silent, or too talkative; you aspire in all your Hearers, a Joy, and a Respect. Your Soul is an Enemy to that usual Vice of your Sex, of using little Arguments against the Fair; or by a Word, or

or Jeſt, make your ſelf and Hearers pleaſant, at the Expence of the Fame of others.

Your Heart is an Enemy to all Paſſions, but that of Love. And this is one of your noble Maxims: *That every one ought to love, in ſome part of his Life: And that, in a Heart truly brave, Love is without Folly: That Wiſdom is a Friend to Love, and Love to perfect Wiſdom.* Since theſe Maxims are your own, do not, O charming *Iris!* reſiſt that noble Paſſion: And ſince *Damon* is the moſt tender of all your Lovers, anſwer his Paſſion with a noble Ardour: Your Prudence never fails in the Choice of your Friends; and in chuſing ſo well your Lover, you will ſtand an eternal Preſident to all unreaſonable fair Ones.

O thou that doſt excel in Wit and Youth!
Be ſtill a Preſident for Love and Truth.
Let the dull World ſay what it will,
A noble Flame's unblameable.
Where a fine Sent'ment, and ſoft Paſſion rules,
They ſcorn the Cenſure of the Fools.
Yield, Iris, *then; Oh, yield to Love!*
Redeem your dying Slave from pain:
The World your Conduct muſt approve:
Your Prudence never acts in vain.

The Goodneſs and Complaiſance of Iris.

WHO but your Lovers (fair *Iris!*) doubts, but you are the moſt complaiſant Perſon in the World: And that with ſo much Sweetneſs you oblige all, that you command

mand in yielding; and as you gain the Heart of both Sexes, with the Affability of your noble Temper; ſo all are proud and vain of obliging you. And *Iris*, you may live aſſur'd, that your Empire is eternally eſtabliſh'd, by your Beauty, and your Goodneſs: Your Power is confirm'd, and you grow in Strength every Minute: Your Goodneſs gets you Friends, and your Beauty Lovers.

This Goodneſs is not one of thoſe, whoſe Folly renders it eaſie to every Deſirer; but a pure Effect of the Generoſity of your Soul; ſuch as Prudence alone manages, according to the Merit of the Perſon, to whom it is extended; and thoſe whom you eſteem, receive the ſweet Marks of it; and only your Lovers complain: Yet even then you charm. And though ſometimes you can be a little diſturb'd, yet through your Anger, your Goodneſs ſhines; and you are but too much afraid, that that may bear a falſe Interpretation: For oftentimes Scandal makes that paſs for an Effect of Love, which is purely that of Complaiſance.

Never had any Body more Tenderneſs for their Friends, than *Iris*: Their Preſence gives her Joy; their Abſence, Trouble; and when ſhe cannot ſee them, ſhe finds no Pleaſure, like ſpeaking of them obligingly. Friendſhip reigns in your Heart, and Sincerity on your Tongue. Your Friendſhip is ſo ſtrong, ſo conſtant, and ſo tender, that it charms, pleaſes, and ſatisfies all, that are not your Adorers. 'Tis therefore, *Damon* is excuſable, if he be not contented with your noble Friendſhip

ſhip alone; for he is the moſt tender of that Number.

No! Give me all, th' impatient Lover cries;
Without your Soul, I cannot live:
Dull Friendſhip cannot mine ſuffice,
That dies for all you have to give.
The Smiles, the Vows, the Heart muſt all be mine:
I cannot ſpare one Thought, or Wiſh of thine.

I ſigh, I languiſh all the Day;
Each Minute uſhers in my Groans:
To e'ry God in vain I pray;
In e'ry Grove repeat my Moans.
Still Iris *Charms are all my Sorrows Themes!*
They pain me Waking, and they wreck in Dreams.

Return, fair Iris! *Oh, return!*
Leſt ſighing long, your Slave deſtroys.
I wiſh, I rave, I faint, I burn;
Reſtore me quickly all my Joys:
Your Mercy elſe, will come too late.
Diſtance in Love more cruel is, than Hate.

The Wit of Iris.

YOU are deceiv'd in me, fair *Iris*, if you take me for one of thoſe ordinary Glaſſes, that repreſent the Beauty only of the Body; I remark to you alſo the Beauties of the Soul: And all about you declares yours the fineſt that ever was formed; that you have a Wit that ſurprizes, and is always new: 'Tis none of thoſe that loſes its Luſtre, when one conſiders it;

it; the more we examine yours, the more adorable we find it. You say nothing, that is not at once agreeable and solid; 'tis always quick and ready, without Impertinence, that little Vanity of the Fair; who, when they know they have Wit, rarely manage it so, as not to abound in Talking; and think, that all they say must please, because luckily, they sometimes chance to do so. But *Iris* never speaks, but 'tis of use; and gives a Pleasure to all that hears her. She has the perfect Art of penetrating, even the most secret Thoughts. How often have you known, without being told, all that has past in *Damon*'s Heart? For all great Wits are Prophets too:

Tell me; Oh, tell me! Charming Propheteſs;
For you alone can tell my Love's Succeſs.
The Lines in my dejected Face,
I fear, will lead you to no kind Reſult:
It is your own, that you muſt trace;
Thoſe of your Heart you muſt conſult.
'Tis there, my Fortune I muſt learn,
And all that Damon *does concern.*

I tell you, that I love a Maid,
As bright as Heav'n, of Angel-hue:
The ſoftest, Nature ever made:
Whom I, with Sighs and Vows, purſue.
Oh, tell me, charming Propheteſs!
Shall I this lovely Maid poſſeſs?

A thou-

A thouſand Rivals do obſtruct my Way;
A thouſand Fears they do create:
They throng about her all the Day,
Whilſt I at awful Diſtance wait.
Say, will the lovely Maid ſo fickle prove,
To give my Rivals Hope, as well as Love?

She has a thouſand Charms of Wit,
With all the Beauty Heav'n e're gave:
Oh! Let her not make uſe of it,
To flatter me into the Slave.
Oh! Tell me Truth, to eaſe my Pain:
Say rather, I ſhall die by her Diſdain.

The Modeſty of Iris.

I Perceive, fair *Iris*, you have a Mind to tell me, I have entertain'd you too long, with a Diſcourſe on yourſelf. I know, your Modeſty makes this Declaration an offence, and you ſuffer me, with Pain, to unveil thoſe Treaſures you wou'd hide. Your Modeſty, that ſo commendable a Vertue in the Fair, and ſo peculiar to you, is here a little too ſevere: Did I flatter you, you ſhou'd bluſh: Did I ſeek, by praiſing you, to ſhew an Art of Speaking finely, you might chide. But, O *Iris!* I ſay nothing, but ſuch plain Truths, as all the World can witneſs are ſo. And ſo far I am from Flattery, that I ſeek no Ornament of Words. Why do you take ſuch Care to conceal your Vertues? They have too much Luſtre, not to be ſeen, in ſpight of all your Modeſty: Your Wit, your Youth, and Reaſon

Reason oppose themselves, against this dull Obstructer of our Happiness. Abate, O *Iris*, a little of this Vertue, since you have so many other, to defend yourself against the Attacks of your Adorers.

You yourself have the least Opinion of your own Charms: And being the only Person in the World, that is not in love with 'em, you hate to pass whole Hours before your *Looking-Glass*; and to pass your time, like most of the idle Fair, in dressing, and setting off those Beauties, which need so little Art. You, more wise, disdain to give those Hours to the Fatigue of Dressing, which you know so well how to employ a thousand Ways. The Muses have blest you, above your Sex; and you know how to gain a Conquest with your Pen, more absolutely, than all the industrious Fair, who trust to Dress and Equipage.

I have a thousand things to tell you more, but willingly resign my place to *Damon*, that faithful Lover; he will speak more ardently than I: For, let a Glass use all its Force, yet, when it speaks its best, it speaks but coldly.

If my Glass, O charming *Iris!* have the good Fortune (which I cou'd never entirely boast) to be believ'd, 'twill serve, at least, to convince you, I have not been so guilty of Flattery, as I have a thousand times been charg'd. Since then my Passion is equal to your Beauty (without Comparison, or End) believe, O lovely Maid! how I sigh in your Absence: And be perswaded to lessen my pain, and restore me to my Joys; for

for there is no Torment so great, as the Absence of a Lover from his Mistress; of which, this is the Idea.

The Effects of Absence from what we love.

Thou one continu'd Sigh! all over Pain!
Eternal Wish! but wish, alas, in vain!
Thou languishing, impatient Hoper on;
Abusie Toiler, and yet still undone!
A breaking Glimpse of distant Day,
Inticing on, and leading more astray.
Thou Joy in Prospect, future Bliss extream;
But ne're to be possest; but in a Dream.
Thou fab'lous Goddess, which the ravish'd Boy,
In happy Slumbers proudly did enjoy:
But waking found an Airy Cloud he prest;
His Arms came empty to his panting Breast.
Thou Shade, that only haunts the Soul by Night;
And when thou shou'dst inform, thou fly'st the Sight.
Thou false Idea of the thinking Brain,
That labours for the charming Form in vain;
Which if by Chance it catch, thou'rt lost again.

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The End of the Looking-Glass.